Clair de Lune

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Clair de Lune

by sourweather

Summary

Darko meets the guy his best friend won't stop talking about.

Notes

okay the PROMPT was peony but i think Nigel would love clair de lunes and they are a TYPE of peony so. let me have this. djzjzj

“Comin’.”

Darko stumbles off the couch, tugging on the first pair of jeans he sees lying on the floor. He’d been out late, last night. He’s always out late, but it’s not as easy as it used to be. He’s not twenty-five anymore, sue him.

Another knock, a bit harder. “I said I’m coming! Christ alive, can’t you wait two god damn – ”

There’s a kid on the doorstep. He stands stiff as a board when Darko opens the door, staring past his shoulder like he’s trying to get a peak at the living room. In one of his hands, gripped so tight his knuckles are turning pale, is a bunch of white flowers. Looks like he can’t be older than thirty. Fuck, it’s bright out. What time is it? “The fuck do you want?”

The kid frowns. “I might have the wrong address,” he mutters, reaching into his pocket with his free hand. He pulls out a napkin, scrawled with black ink. Darko recognizes the handwriting and groans. The kid holds out the napkin but Darko doesn’t bother looking. “Is this the right house? I’m not very good with directions.”

Darko waves him off, scrubbing the exhaustion from his eyes. “You’re here for Nigel, right?”

His voice brightens immediately. “Yes! I am, is he here?”

“Just missed him,” Darko grunts, though he actually has no clue when Nigel left. Just knows he’s not here.

“Oh.”

When Darko squints into the light again, the kid looks fucking heartbroken. His posture has slumped, the flowers hanging sadly from his fist. “...I’ll tell him you stopped by, if you want,” he offers, mostly just to get this guy to leave so he can go back to sleep.

“It’s just – ” Oh good, more fucking conversation. “Nigel told me to come here. He said to meet him at this address, at eleven o’clock. He said he’d be here.”

“Jesus Christ, it’s *eleven* in the fucking morning?!” No wonder he feels like he just crawled out of the gutter. He pinches the bridge of his nose, searching for his manners. “Kid, he probably meant eleven *p.m.* Nigel’s used to working bullshit hours, sometimes he forgets that most people are awake when the sun is fucking shining.”

“Oh,” he says again, and his brows knit together. “That’s very late, I’m usually in bed by then.” He shifts his weight awkwardly, from foot to foot. He looks unsure of himself. Helpless.

Hell, Darko might be an asshole, but he’s got a fucking heart. “I think he’s just out picking up cigarettes or something,” he sighs after a moment. “You wanna… come in and wait for him to get back? You can work out your plans, maybe get a rain check or something?”

The kid frowns at Darko for a beat, his wide eyes suddenly shrewd and assessing. “Nigel didn’t mention having a roommate,” he notes suspiciously.

Darko shakes his head, leaving the door pointedly open as he steps inside. “I’m just crashing here for a week or two. Me and Nigel go way back, he’s letting me sleep on his couch while I look for a new place in town. Name’s Darko.”

Just that easy, the kid lightens up, following him inside. “Nigel mentioned you, he said you were his best friend.”

“Aw,” Darko coos sarcastically. He rummages in Nigel’s cabinets, searching for something to eat.

“I’m Adam.”

Ah. Okay, that makes more sense. “Of course you are.”

“What does that mean?”

Darko snorts, pulling a takeout container from the fridge. “You’re the guy,” he says, gesturing in Adam’s direction without actually looking at him. “The guy with the stars, and the raccoons, and the fucking… eyes. You’re the guy.”

Adam sounds shyly pleased when he says “Nigel told you about me?”

Only in the sense that he hasn’t shut up about Adam Raki and his ‘gorgeous fucking face’ for the past five days. “Yeah, he keeps me in the loop. Nothing bad, though.”

“That’s… that’s good.”

Fuck, people in love are disgusting. Still, Nigel is a lot less insufferable when he’s happy than when he’s heartbroken. Darko eyes the flowers, smirking as he points at them with the end of a fork. “Those for me?”

“No,” he says, and his nose wrinkles. “They’re for Nigel.”

It makes him chuckle. “Fucking hell, I think you’re the only person who ever met Nigel Banyai and thought ‘Now this is the kind of guy you buy flowers’. He’s the hardest bastard I know, why the fuck would you think to bring him flowers?”

Adam swallows, lifting the flowers and tracing the petals of one with a fingertip. “They’re Clair de Lunes,” he says softly. “It’s a species of peony. Like the song. He played it for me because it’s called ‘moonlight,’ and he told me that he likes how it’s happy and sad at the same time. And that’s… nevermind.”

Darko stops in his tracks, looking closer at Adam for the first time. “No, go on. What about it?”

Adam chews his lip. “…Well, that’s how I’ve been feeling, lately. So I’ve been listening to Clair de Lune, and thinking about Nigel. And I saw these Clair de Lune peonies at a flower

stall on my way home from work yesterday, and − It's silly, isn't it? Should I throw them away, before Nigel gets back?"

…Son of a bitch.

Son of a fucking bitch, Nigel's actually found somebody who's just as much of a sappy romantic fuck as he is. Holy shit.

"Kid. Forget everything I said."

He tips his head to the side. God, these two are going to be the death of him. "Really?"

Adam's going to steal Nigel's fucking heart. He's not even gonna know he's doing it, either. Fistful of Clair de Lunes, that's all it's gonna take and Nigel's a goner.

"Yeah. Really."

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